

The Hangnail

(a poem)

Sticking up
from your thumb
you kept picking
why u so dumb?

Now it hurts
it's real sore
but there you go
picking it more

You think you'll make it
go away
by trying some
other way
to pry it out
of your skin
but it just
grows in
(again)

Now it's purple
and swollen, too
it's tiny but
it bothers you!

You take a needle
(the sewing kind)
to excavate
this cuticle rind

You poke it here
and stab it there
ouch! That hurts!
It isn't fair!

The skin is peeled
away from the source
making it even more painful,
of course

It's bleeding now
but there's the prize
what was formerly hidden
from your eyes

There it is

deeply embedded
going where other nails
feared to tread

You lift it up
and pry it out
it could've taken
another route

A nice cold rinse
a bandaid too
and there you have it,
good as new

I hope you enjoyed
this little tale
about a wayward
fingernail.

Birdtown Comics